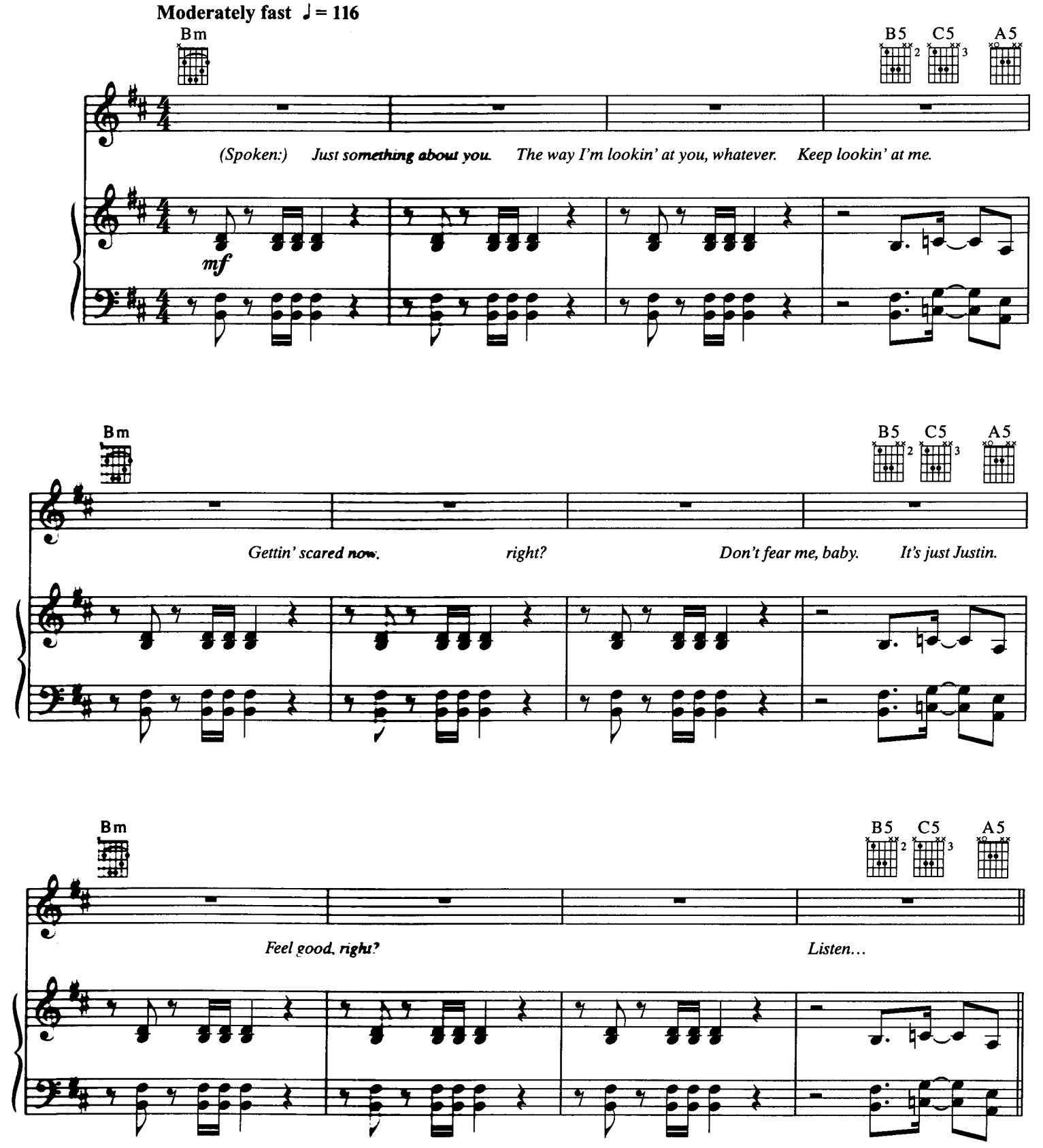
VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

LIKE I LOVE YOU

Words and Music by
JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE, CHAD HUGO
and PHARRELL WILLIAMS



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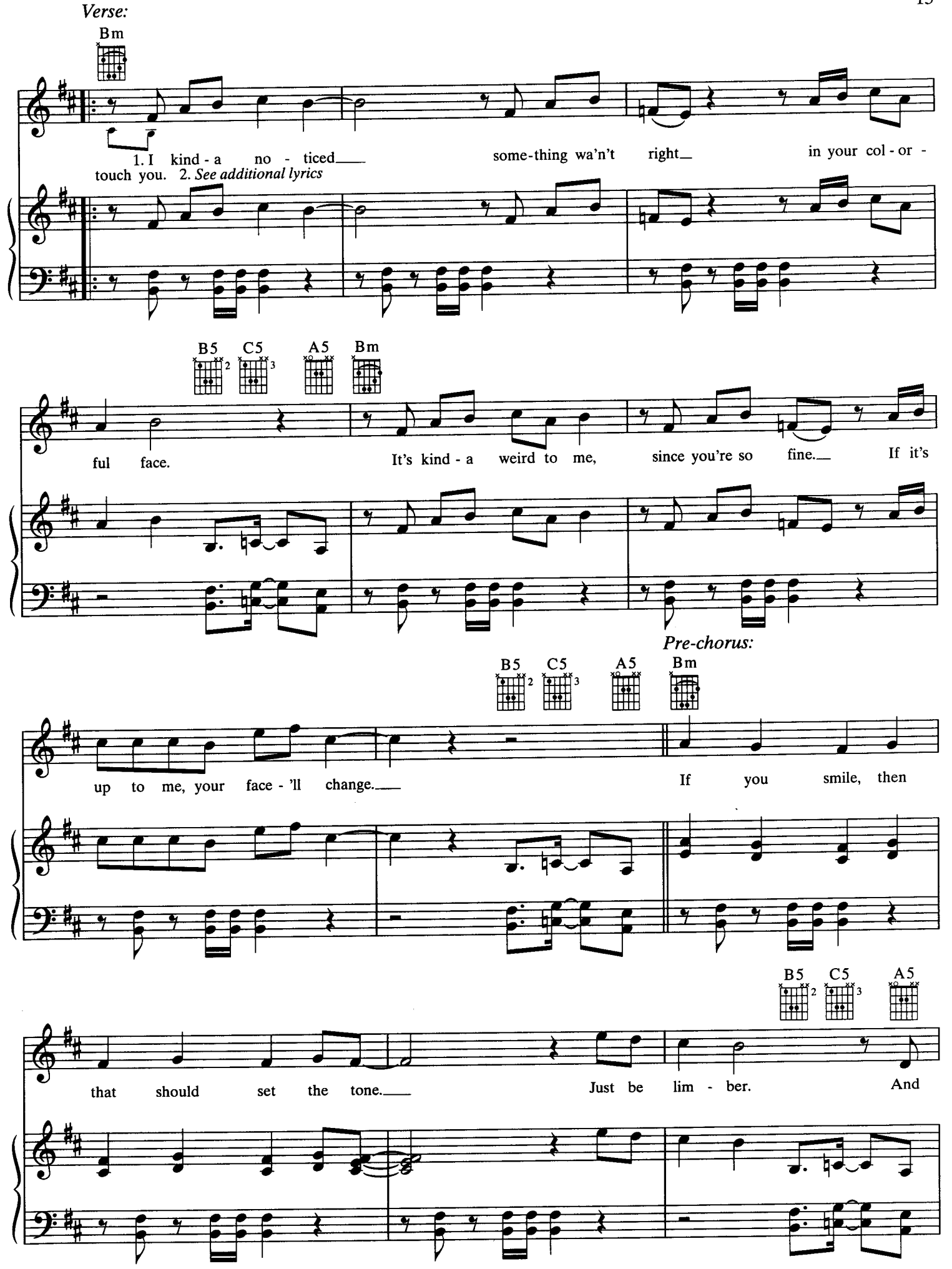
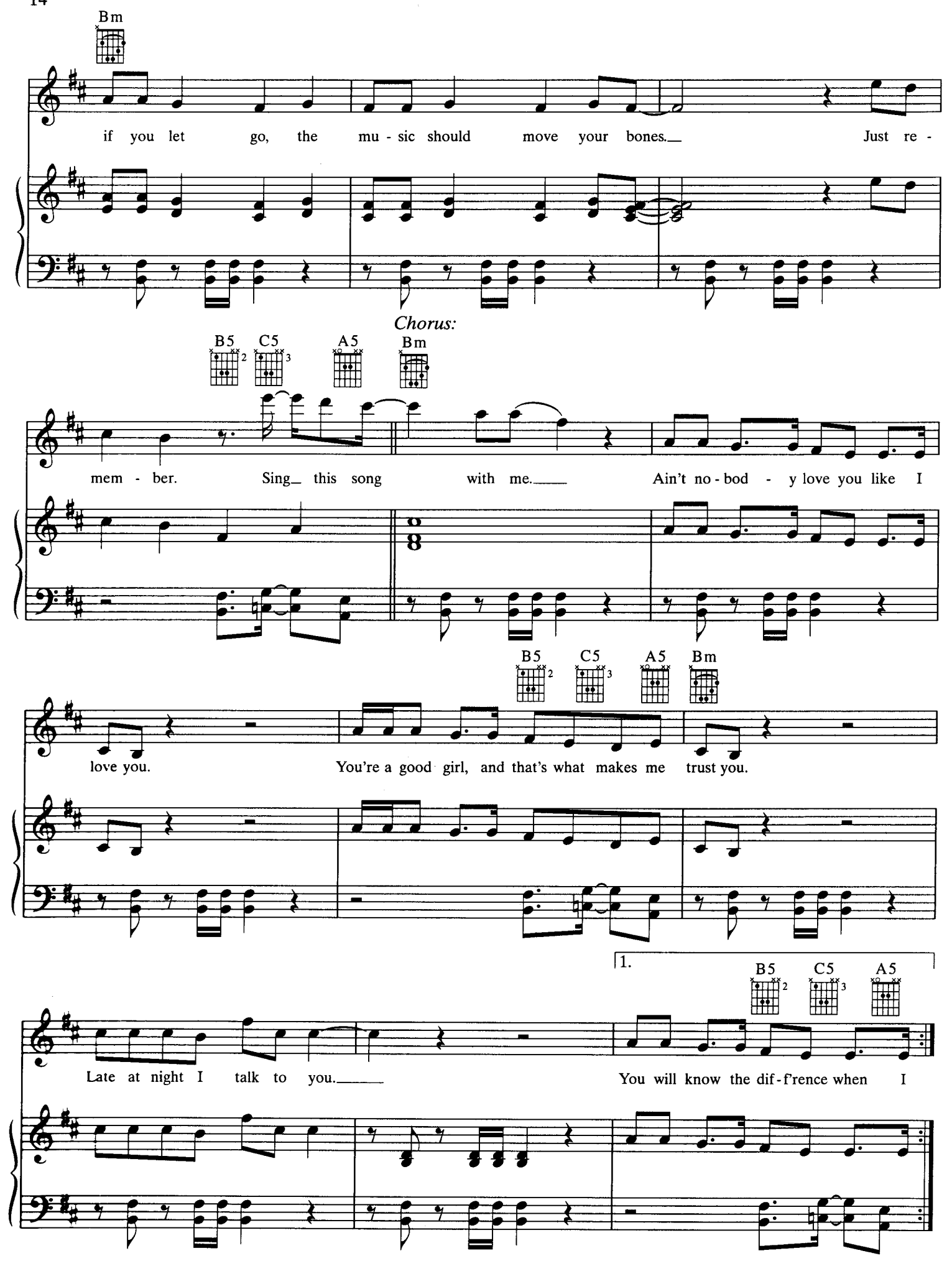
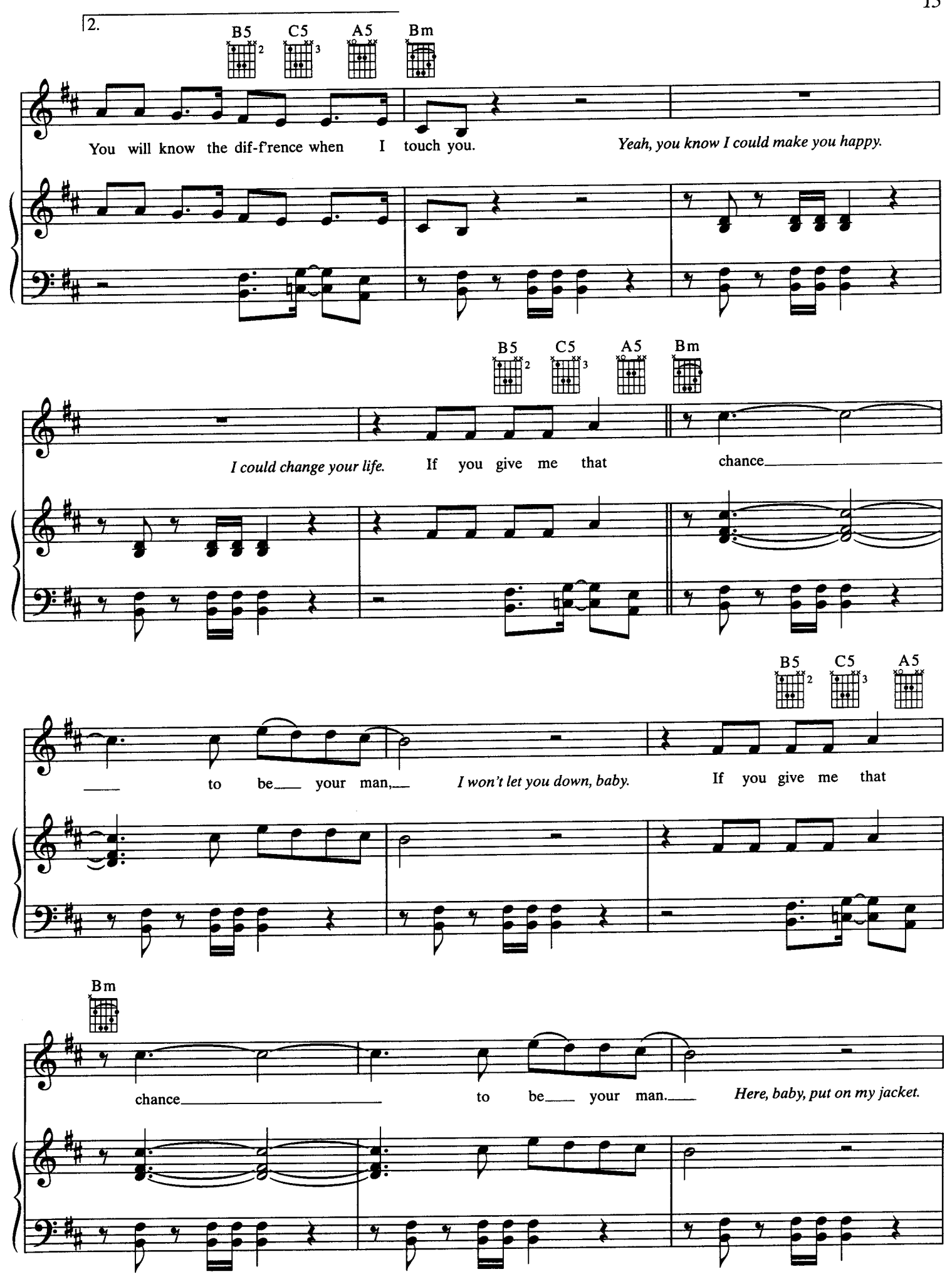
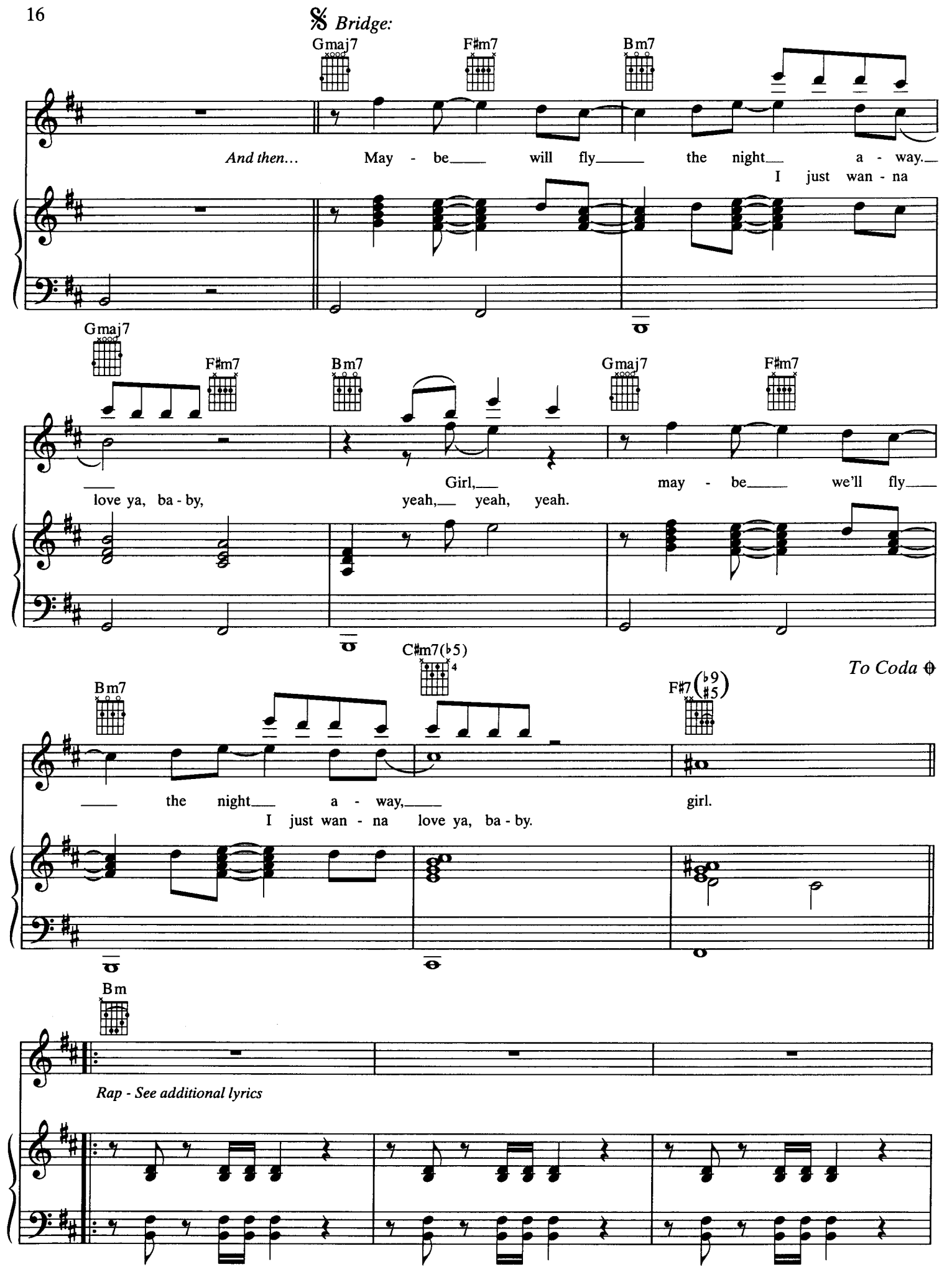
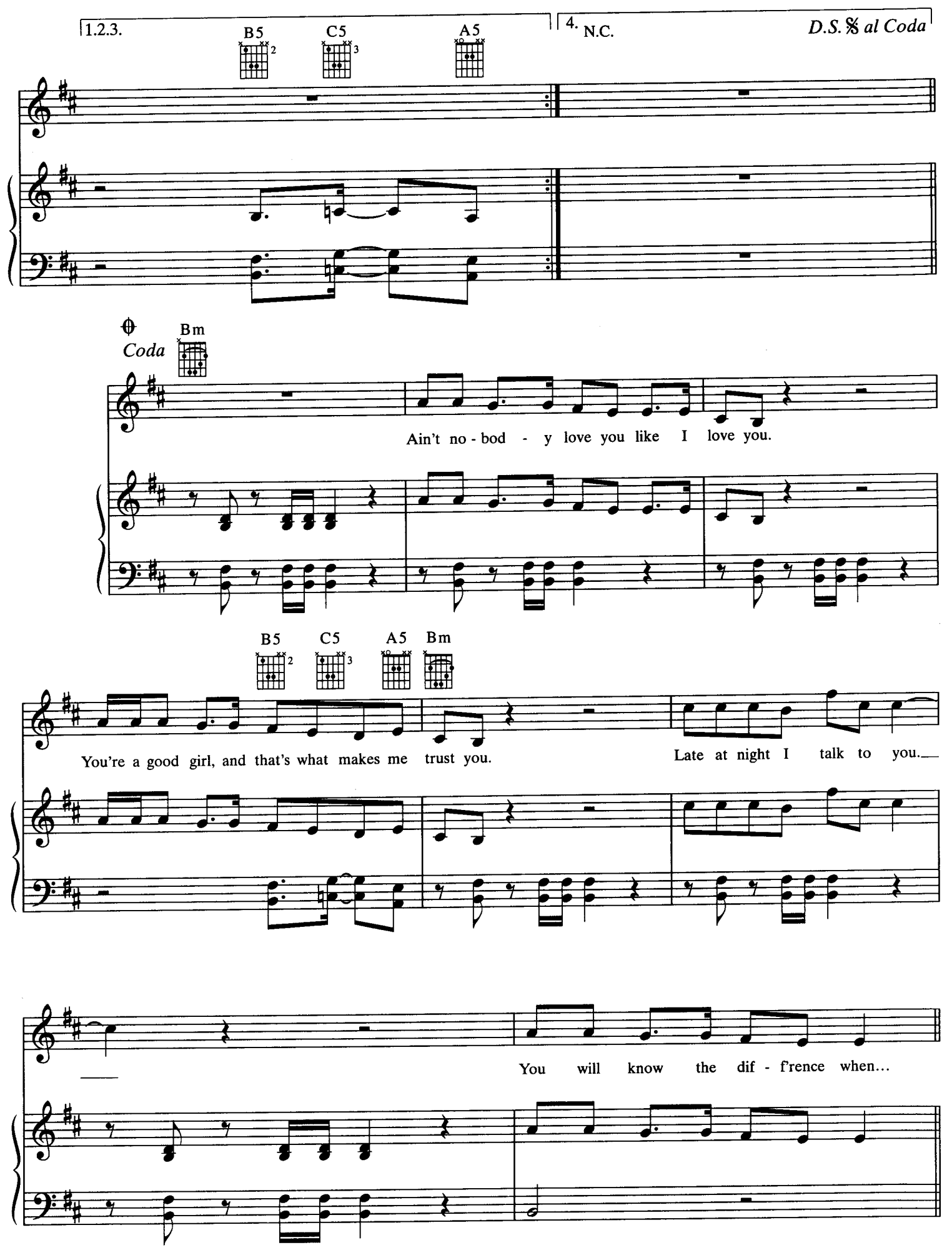
Verse:


Bm
1. I kind - a no - ticed some-thing wa'n't right in your col - or -
touch you. 2. See additional lyrics
B5 C5 A5 Bm
ful face. It's kind - a weird to me, since you're so fine. If it's
Pre-chorus:
B5 C5 A5 Bm
up to me, your face - 'll change. If you smile, then
B5 C5 A5
that should set the tone. Just be lim - ber. And


Bm
if you let go, the mu - sic should move your bones. Just re -
Chorus:
B5 C5 A5 Bm
mem - ber. Sing this song with me. Ain't no - bod - y love you like I
B5 C5 A5 Bm
love you. You're a good girl, and that's what makes me trust you.
1.
B5 C5 A5
Late at night I talk to you. You will know the dif - f'rence when I

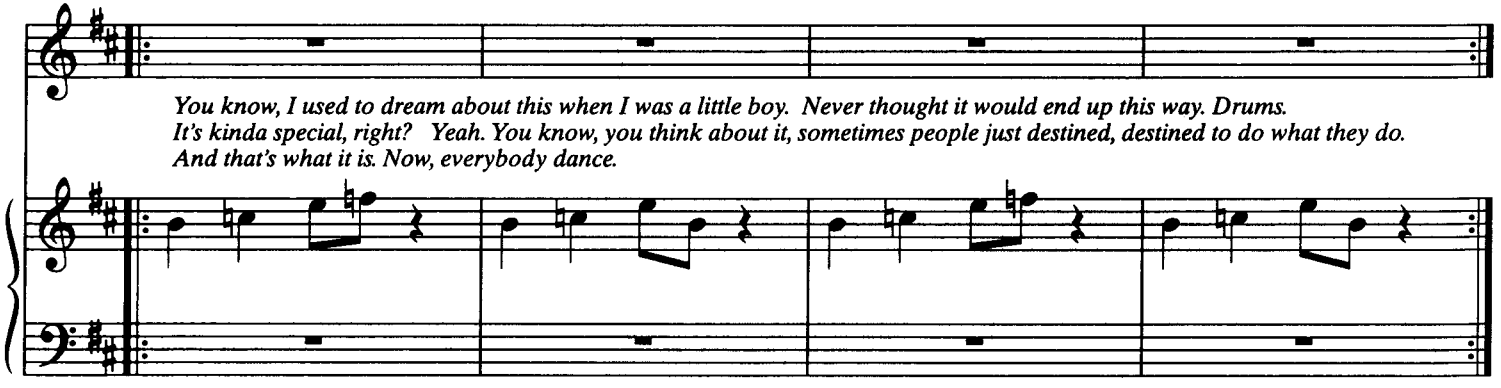

2.
B5 C5 A5 Bm
You will know the dif-f'rence when I touch you.
Yeah, you know I could make you happy.
B5 C5 A5 Bm
I could change your life.
If you give me that chance
B5 C5 A5
to be your man,
I won't let you down, baby.
If you give me that
Bm
chance
to be your man.
Here, baby, put on my jacket.


Bridge:
Gmaj7
F♯m7
Bm7
And then... May - be will fly the night a - way.
I just wan - na
love ya, ba - by,
Girl, may - be we'll fly
yeah, yeah, yeah.
the night a - way,
I just wan - na love ya, ba - by.
C♯m7(♭5)
F♯7(♭9 ♯5)
To Coda
Bm
Rap - See additional lyrics


1.2.3.
B5
C5
A5
4. N.C.
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Bm
Ain't no - bod - y love you like I love you.
B5
C5
A5
Bm
You're a good girl, and that's what makes me trust you.
Late at night I talk to you.
You will know the dif - f'rence when...

N.C.

Repeat ad lib. and fade



Verse 2:
Some people are so phony,
Nosy, 'cause they're lonely.
Aren't you sick of the same thing?
They say, so-and-so is dating,
Love you or they're hating,
When it doesn't matter anyway,
'Cause we're here tonight.
(To Pre-chorus:)

Rap:
Ma', whatcha wanna do?
I'm in front of you.
Grab a friend, see
I can have fun with two
Or me and you, put on a stage show.
In the mall, kids ask how the chain glow.
Point to her, say, wow, it's the same glow.
Point to me, I say, yeah, it's the same dough.
We're the same type, you're my a-alike.
You have me sleeping in the same bed every night.
Go ride with me, you're deserving the best.
Take a few shots, let it burn in your chest.
We could ride 'round pumpin' N.E.R.D. in the deck.
Funny how a few words turned into sex.
Play number 3, joint called "Brain." (I just love your brain.)
Ma' took her hand, made me swerve in the lane.
The name Malicious and I burn every track.
Clipse and J. Timberlake, now how heavy is that?
(To Bridge:)